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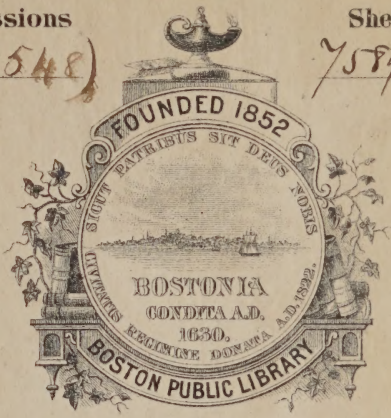

Received MAY 16 1892

Hellotype Printing Co.

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SECOND EDITION.

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MARY AND SUSAN.

When Mary Morland was about five years old, her friend Susan, who was a year or two older, was taken sick. Mary loved Susan very much, and was greatly grieved to have her sick. She was permitted to go every day to inquire how she did, and to sit very quietly by her bed-side, and look at her if she slept, or to speak very softly to her if she was awake. Susan would look up in her face, and smile very sweetly upon her. She would inquire kindly about her school-mates, and tell Mary that perhaps she should soon be well again, and go to school as she used to do; or, if she should not, that she should go where there were a great many good children, and should be very happy. When she spoke in this manner, the tears would come into Mary's eyes, and her lip would quiver, but she would not say one word. Susan would say, don't cry Mary; I don't suffer any pain, and if it should please our heavenly Father to take me now, it will be to do us both good.

Mary could not yet understand how any thing that would give her so much pain as

parting with Susan, could do her good. There are a great many things that little girls do not understand, that are nevertheless very true. Some things their parents or friends can explain to them, and they are always very happy to do it when they can. But there are some things which cannot be so explained that they can comprehend them until they grow older; so they must wait patiently, and believe what their parents, and others older than themselves, tell them.

Every day little Susan grew more and more sick, and her parents were convinced that they must part with her. Mrs. Morland told Mary that the doctor said he could not find any medicine that would cure Susan, and that they must be willing to give her up, to be much happier than she had ever been here.

Mary cried very much when she heard her mother say this, for she had seen Susan almost every day since she could remember. She had been to school with her ever since she had been to school at all. In recess, Susan was the one, of all the little train, she chose to play with, and to share her fruit or cake with. To Susan she always went, when she had any misunderstanding with the other girls, and she always made them good friends

again. Whenever she had any new plaything, or any new book, her first thought was to show it to Susan, who would enjoy it as much as she did. She could not conceive of any pleasure which Susan did not share with her, and when her mother told her that she must part with this dear friend, she felt as if she was called upon to part with every thing in the world that she loved.

For some time, Mary lay with her head upon her mother's lap, crying and sobbing aloud. Her mother did not interrupt her, for she knew that her little heart was full of grief. After a while, she became more quiet, and at length left off crying entirely. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and said, my dear mother, I am very naughty to cry so much about Susan, when I have so many good and kind friends — when I have you, and father, and John, and Sarah; but though I love you all, very much, you cannot, any of you, be Susan to me. You and father are too old, and John is a boy, and Sarah is so very little a girl.

True, my dear, replied her mother, but if Sarah cannot be to you what Susan has been, yet you may be to her what Susan has been to you. And though now she is very young,

yet she grows older every day, and will very soon be a companion for you, and you can show her all the kindness which Susan has shown to you, and teach her many things that you know. And if you imitate the sweetness you love in Susan, I will venture to promise that you and Sarah will be as dear friends as ever you and Susan were.

But it seems to me, my daughter, we are very selfish; we are not thinking of Susan's present situation, of her happiness in living with so many good and happy spirits, who delight in each other's happiness, and whose employment it is to do good to others. Go, my little girl, wash the traces of tears from your face, and I will walk with you to Mr. Morton's, and learn if Susan is still in this world. If she is, and should be able to see you, and know you, do not let her see any tears or sad looks; it would disturb her, and would be unkind. I know you will remember this, or I should not dare to take you with me.

Mrs. Morland and Mary soon arrived at Mr. Morton's, where they heard that it was not expected that Susan could live much longer. They went very softly into the room where she lay. Her father and mother were sitting by the bed, and all was very quiet. Susan

saw her friend, though she was too weak to speak to her, but her eyes showed that she knew her. They sat a few moments, when she made a little motion for her father to come nearer to her. He stooped his head to her, and she kissed him; she then kissed her mother, Mrs. Morland, and Mary. She held Mary's hand a moment, then dropped it, and turned her head on the pillow, put her hand under her cheek, and ceased to breathe. All was so sweetly quiet that no one knew when the spirit left the body. The eyes were closed, a lovely smile played round the mouth, and from the beautiful and tranquil expression of the whole face, you might know that celestial angels were ministering to the departing spirit.

As Mrs. Morland and Mary returned home, neither spoke. Mary was thinking very much of Susan, and Mrs. Morland did not wish to disturb her by speaking, until she should ask some question. After they had been at home some time, Mary said to her mother — 'Mother, is it true that there are little boys and girls in the world where Susan has gone?'

Mrs. M. Yes, my dear, it is. All infants and little children who leave this world go into a part of the spiritual world, where they are put under the care of female angels, who

love children, and whose delight it is to teach them to love all that is good; to know that the Lord is their Father in heaven, and that without him they can do nothing; to love one another, and to forget themselves in trying to make each other happy.

Mary. (after a pause,) Mother, how does Susan look? has she got a body?

Mother. Yes, indeed, a more beautiful one than we can imagine. Infants and children in heaven have more beautiful bodies, and are clothed more beautifully, than we can have any idea of.

Mary. How are they clothed, mother?

Mother. They are differently clothed, according to their dispositions; some in bright shining robes, some with garlands of flowers on their heads, breasts, and shoulders.

Mary. But *I* can't think of Susan's looking more beautiful than she did this morning, when she looked at me, before she left off breathing, and afterwards too.

Mother. No, you cannot, while you are in this world. There was in that look something of heavenly affection, and we cannot see with *these* eyes, any thing more.

Mary. Why not, mother?

Mother. Because these eyes are made only

to look upon the same kind of beings as ourselves—beings that have bodies made only for this world. They are called natural eyes; and natural eyes cannot see spiritual beings. Angels see other angels, but it is with angels' eyes.

Mary, (after thinking some time.) Are not angels spiritual beings?

Mother. Yes, all who leave this world become spiritual beings. And all angels once lived in this world.

Mrs. Morland had kept Mary from school this morning, because she wished her to see Susan when she left this world. She wished her to see her die, that she might be saved from the dreadful terror some children feel of death, which frequently remains with them all their lives. In the afternoon, however, she sent her that she might not indulge the sad feelings she evidently was suffering under. She well knew that attention to her daily duties was the best and only way to prepare her for being a useful woman.

The third day after Susan's decease, Mary went with her mother to attend the funeral. She paid great attention to the service—heard all the minister said about little children, saw the body removed, and returned in silence by her mother's side.

When her mother was undressing her at bed time, she said — mother, that was not Susan's self that was laid in the coffin, was it?

Mother. No, my dear, it was only her body, which can be of no use to her now she herself has gone into another world.

Mary. But mother, has she hands and feet as she used to have? and can she see and feel?

Mother. Yes, she can see, and hear, and smell, and feel, more perfectly than we can with our natural senses. You know I told you the other day, that all who go into the spiritual world have spiritual bodies. And spiritual bodies are more perfect than our natural ones.

Mary. Mother, I should like to go where Susan is. Is it wicked for me to wish it?

Mother. No, my dear, it is not wicked, if you want to go because you wish to be with those who are good. But it would be very wicked for you to be impatient about it. If your Heavenly Father should take you, I should rejoice that you were willing to go, and hope we should be willing to give you up to Him. But if he should let you live many years in this world, I hope he will enable you to lead a life of usefulness, and so prepare you to meet Susan whenever you do go. You know that though Susan was only a little

girl, she always loved to be doing something or other that would do good or give pleasure to those around her. She was always kind to her brothers and sisters; you know she has often given up a pleasant ride or walk because it was not convenient for them to go too. And when she had little girls to visit her, she never appeared to think of her own amusement separate from theirs. She would always leave the choice of plays to them, or if she did mention any, if they did not like them, she gave up her wishes so pleasantly that all felt happy.

Mary. Oh yes, mother, I do remember, and it makes me cry to think that I shall never play with her again.

Mother. But *Susan* would not want you to feel so. If she could speak to you she would tell you, that instead of crying to play with her again, she would rather see you endeavoring to correct the bad feelings you sometimes indulge — and see you always willing to play with your little brother and sister when they desire you to.

One very beautiful morning soon after Susan's death, Mrs. Morland went into Mary's room, to call her to walk in the garden and breathe the fresh morning air. It was just at sun-rising, in the month of June. When she

went to the bed-side, Mary was still in a sweet sleep. The smile upon her countenance, and the whole expression of her face were so placid that her mother was sure her dreams were pleasant, and she sat down to watch her waking. In a few moments she opened her eyes and saw her mother. She said—Mother, I have had a most beautiful dream. I wish I could go to sleep and dream it again.

Mother. What was it, my little girl?

Mary. I dreamed I was in a very beautiful garden; I can't tell you how beautiful it was. There were large, tall trees, covered with blossoms and fruit too, and there were grape vines running over them, full of large bunches of purple and green grapes, larger bunches than I ever saw before; so that when I looked up, I saw them hanging over my head, mixed in with oranges, and pears, and apples, and peaches, and plums, that were growing on the trees in the midst of the beautiful blossoms. And there were roses, and pinks, and myrtles, on banks covered with grass and flowers. There were sweet little lambs frisking about and nibbling the grass. And there were beautiful girls taking care of lovely little children: they let them roll on the banks, and pluck the flowers with their little hands to feed

the lambs with; and they would put flowers on their heads and round their necks, and the lambs stood so quiet. — I longed to go in and play with the children, but I did not know that I might, so I stood looking at them, when one of the beautiful girls, — oh mother, you can't think how beautiful she looked, I never saw any body look half so sweetly, — came and took hold of my hand, and spoke so kindly to me, that I went in with her. She took me to a delightful arbor, I believe it is called; it was covered with jessamines and honeysuckles, and other vines and grapes mixed with them. And there I saw Susan playing with other little girls about as big as herself; they were sitting on the ground, which was covered with all kinds of flowers, dressing their dolls with them.

As soon as Susan saw me, she jumped and run to me, put her arms round my neck and kissed me just as she used to do, and it seems as if I could feel her now. She gave me her doll, and almost covered me with roses and violets and jessamines; they smelt so sweet, that I thought I smelt them after I awoke; it seemed as if the chamber was full of flowers.

I thought I staid a great many hours with Susan, and was so happy that I did not want

to come away. But the same beautiful girl that took me in, said to me, come Mary, it is time you should go home; and she kissed me very kindly; I looked up in her face, and saw it was my own aunt Elenor I used to love so dearly. Susan said, good bye, Mary, be a good girl, and you will come again and see us, and stay as long as you want to.

Mother, I hope I shall be good; I will try. But you know I am sometimes disobedient, and don't do what you desire me to. And I am very lazy at school, and don't get my lesson, nor sew my work so neatly as Mrs. Thomas wishes me to. And it will take a great while for me to learn always to remember that these things are wicked, and that I can't see Susan again, if I don't get over them all. And what is worse than all, I am very selfish; for often when you give John fruit or cake, I feel very angry if you give him the most fruit or the largest piece of cake, though I am sometimes ashamed to let any one see that I feel so. And I am very sure no selfish child can go where Susan is.

Mother. It is very true, my child; no really selfish beings could breathe the air of heaven. They would desire to go away. But even *this* evil your Heavenly Father will enable you to

subdue, if you really wish to. Only try, and he will give you strength to remember and conquer these evils; and when the bad spirits that try to make you as wicked as themselves, find that you love to be good, they will turn away and not trouble you any more.

Mary was soon dressed, and took a pleasant walk in the garden with her mother. She would frequently say, this garden is very pretty, but not half so lovely as the one I dreamed of. Mother, I wish you could see it. But I know you will when you have done living here.

Mary was very happy all day. She was not once out of temper, but played pleasantly with her brother and sister, learned her lessons, and did her work quite well. When she was going to bed, she said, mother, I feel as if I did see Susan really last night. Don't you think I did? Perhaps, said her mother, you did; perhaps your spirit and her's met. You know it is not with the eyes of your body that you see in your sleep, but with the eyes of your spirit. I fully believe that our departed friends are permitted by the Lord sometimes to visit us in our dreams, for our instruction.

In time, Mary's sorrow for Susan's death wore away, but she never forgot her; and her dream about her was often in her mind.

Whenever she felt inclined to speak ill-naturedly to her playmates, or pettishly to insist upon having her own way, she remembered Susan's gentle kindness and advice, and changed her manner directly. By perseverance she learned to govern her temper, which was very quick, and sometimes obstinate.

It was not all at once that these evils were corrected; but by constantly trying to love others as well as herself, she was enabled to give up her own will, when at any time it came in opposition to theirs. By constantly trying to do her duty, she at length was happy only when she did it. She began to try to do it, because she knew she could not see Susan and the lovely little girls she dreamed of, if she did not do it, but at last she loved to do it without thinking of any reward. She loved to do her duty, because she loved the good spirits that were round her when she did it. And if at any time she forgot and did wrong, as was sometimes the case, she was very unhappy, because she knew that then she invited those evil spirits to be with her, who cannot live where good ones are.

(Nov., 1891, 20,000)

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